

# PLYMOUTH

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## POETRY.

[The following is a translation of one of Schiller's most perfect lyrics; and so faithful to his task has been the translator, that it loses nothing by the transfer into our language. A most striking thought is embodied in every line.]

### FAME.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?  
And if it do,  
And never prompt the busy of noisy brass;  
What need'st thou rue?  
Remember, ay, the Ocean deeps are mute;  
The shallows roar;  
Worth is the Ocean--Fame is but the bruit  
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?  
Thy duty over,  
This did many who yet slept unknown--  
Oh! never, never!  
Think'st thou perchance, that they remain un-  
known  
Whom thou know'st not?  
By angel trumpets heaven their praise is blown,  
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?  
Discharge aright  
The simple duties with which each day is rife?  
Yea, with thy might  
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
Will life be fled,  
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,  
Shall live though dead.

## Miscellaneous.

### A NIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

Toward the close of a beautiful August evening, the various roads leading to the city of Mannheim, were filled with groups of cheerful, merry people, returning from the different pleasure-gardens, which had replaced the old fortifications; these, in their turn, became desirous and silent--all but one, where the murmur of merry voices and musical accompaniments still resounded. This was the Cabane Gardens, just celebrated in Mannheim for its balls, champagne, fireworks, and balloon ascents. The novelty of these last had lately attracted great crowds. The admirable discovery made by the Montgolfiers, had only recently been turned to account as an amusement; but the speculation had proved so successful, that there was not a public garden in Germany without its balloons; and an aerial voyage had become almost as easy and little feared as a promenade on the banks of the Rhine. It is true, these trips were short, and allowed few chances of danger. Strongly attached to the ground by ropes that could be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, the balloon rose at the will of the aeronauts, and in its boldest ascents, seldom went beyond the tops of the trees.

The crowd had abandoned the retired walks, and collected in the large esplanade, devoted to the exhibition of fireworks. The shrubberies had been some time deserted, when a man, of some forty years of age, accompanied by a young girl, appeared at the end of one of the most shady walks. They also directed their steps toward the esplanade, but proceeded slowly, and with the air of persons buried in thought.

After walking some way in silence, the man exclaimed, energetically, "No sister, no! As long as I live, I can never forgive this Christian Loffmann for disputing my right of succession to the property of his cousin! For, God knows, it was not bequeathed to me as a gift, but in payment of what the deceased owed me."

"He ought to have said so in his will, Michael," observed the girl.

"And am I to be deprived of my right because he did not do so, Florence? Because a dying man neglected to say all he should, is Michael Ritter to be accused of fraud by this Loffmann?"

"Alas! he does not know us, brother," said the young girl, gently. "Others have excited his suspicions; and he believes them true, because it is his interest to do so."

"And so," replied Michael, bitterly, "I am to be deprived of the land I have cultivated these twenty years, and made mine own through the work of these hands, by a stranger who has no right but that of the chance of birth!"

"But you know, brother," interrupted Florence, "judgment has not yet been pronounced."

sensation, which could distract my mind from this one absorbing idea."

As he said these words, a sudden turn in the path brought them out on a grassy square, which they had not before perceived; it was the part devoted to the ascent of balloons. A captive balloon floated gracefully over their heads; and suspended to it was an elegant car, in the form of a boat, which seemed to glide gently over the green sward.

Florence involuntarily uttered a cry of surprise and admiration. Living at a distance from the city, this was the first time she had beheld a balloon so near, and she drew her brother closer.

"Room for two more!" cried the proprietor of the balloon and manager of the ropes.

Michael glanced at the car, in which a young man in a traveling-dress was seated himself, having in his hand one of those Alpine sticks, shod with iron, used in the ascent of mountains.

"Room for two!" he exclaimed, "turning to Florence, he said, with a smile, 'Would you like to take a ride over the trees?'"

"Are you sure there is no danger?" "None, I can assure you, young lady," said the manager, "I have already directed the voyages of some ten thousand Christians."

"And we can come down when we like!" "Certainly. You have merely to pull the string of the bell you will find in the car."

Florence hesitated; she was still rather afraid, yet the originality of such a ride tempted her. Accustomed in all things to act upon the advice of her brother, after a moment's indecision, she said she would do as he liked.

"Then I vote for a voyage in the air," said Michael, and jumping into the car, he assisted Florence in.

As soon as they were seated, the manager slowly loosened the ropes, and the balloon began gently to ascend.

On feeling the motion of the car, the young girl uttered an involuntary cry, and turned pale. The stranger who was seated opposite her, placed his hand on the bell-pull. "Shall we return to earth?" he said, with a smile.

"Many thanks, sir," continued Florence, who had regained her color; "I shall soon become accustomed to the motion!" "Look--look!" interrupted Michael, "we are already higher than the trees!"

Florence looked over the car, and the novelty of the sight dissipated her remaining fears. The whole of the Cabane Garden lay spread before them, and looked like one of those models exhibited in the military museums. Immediately below the balloon lay the esplanade, crowded with people, the murmur of whose voices just reached the travellers. The air becoming lighter every minute, and laden with perfume, was exciting, and of a delicious freshness. Florence turned towards her brother, her face beaming with smiles.

"How grand and beautiful every thing around us is!" she exclaimed. "Tell me, Michael, do you not feel a pleasant kind of intoxication; and are you happier here than you were just now?"

"Yes," said Ritter; "the physical sensations influence the mind; and it seems to me that I rise above the injuries of man as I do above his dwellings. But what is the matter? What does that caw on the esplanade mean?"

"They are waiting for the fireworks," said the stranger.

"Yes, and there go the first rockets!" exclaimed Florence.

"Why do they go off one after the other, so?"

"O, look! the woodwork which supported the principal works is falling to pieces."

"The spectacle has failed!"

"Yes; and listen--do you hear those cries?"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Michael. "They are destroying the fences around the flower-beds!"

"It is a student's row," said the stranger; "they are revenging themselves upon the garden for the disappointment."

"How glad I am that we are out of the way of all the tumult!" added Florence. "Then you are not frightened now?" asked Ritter.

"Not in the least."

"Then we will still higher."

"Happy country!" said the stranger, as if to himself, "where God gives to man the fertile field, the navigable river, and wooded mountain side."

Michael sighed. "Happy, above all, could man be untroubled with lawsuits and libelous reports," muttered he in a low voice.

The unknown turned toward him. "Ah, no one knows that better than myself, sir!" said he.

"What! are you also condemned to defend your rights before the court?"

"Yes, and against an adversary who will leave nothing undone to ruin me."

"It is my own case," said Michael. "If I gain this suit, he will deprive me of all I have spent my life in acquiring."

"And for my part, all my future depends on it."

"The work of my hands will help to enrich a grasping, avaricious man."

"And, pursued the stranger, "all my future prospects will be annihilated to enrich a hypocrite."

"I fear the law will not decide in favor of the cause which has the right on its side."

"And I am afraid that intrigue will be stronger than justice."

"Ah, I see," cried Michael; "our positions are the same; you also have a cause against some Christian Loffmann."

"Christian Loffmann!" repeated the stranger; "why, that is my own name."

"Yours!"

"And my adversary's Michael Ritter."

"Why, I am he!"

The two men regarded each other in astonishment, and with such a mixture of anger and hatred, that Florence became frightened. "Let us descend, brother," said she, laying her hand on her brother's arm; but he did not hear her.

"What Herr Loffmann says of his opponent is false!" he cried, fixing his sparkling eyes on the stranger.

"And what Herr Ritter says of his, is a lie!" fiercely returned the young man.

In the name of Heaven, let us go down!" reiterated the girl.

"So be it," said Michael, "it will be easier to come to an explanation on solid ground."

"And I hope it will be a decisive one," added Loffmann, in a significant tone.

He had already rung the bell, and all three awaited the descent of the balloon in silence; but it remained motionless. The young man rang again a second time, and then a third, with no better success.

"The man must have heard," he murmured, as he again pulled the string.

"He has disappeared!" exclaimed Florence, who had been looking over the car.

"So he has," said Michael, looking in his turn; the *emule* has alarmed him. See! they are making a bonfire of the benches."

"And look at that party of young men parading the garden, breaking the lamps!"

"See! they are under the balloon. Good God!"

"What are they doing?"

"They are cutting the ropes!"

"What are you saying?--what do you mean?"

"Let us also add my thanksgiving, Michael," said Florence, who had revived.

"Let us pray, then," said Ritter, folding her in his arms; "and may God so forgive us, as we forgive others." At these words, he uncovered his head, and Christian doing the same, they all three bent in prayer.

When they rose, a streak of light had appeared in the east; the day was dawning.

The wind, which had carried them to such elevated regions, now gradually sank; and as the balloon gently descended, a ray of hope stole into their hearts. At first, though united in danger, they were separated by hatred; but now all three joined in mutual consolation and encouragement.

The sun rose, and they were soon able to distinguish the variegated country. It seemed like a sudden resurrection: they were no longer wandering in the gloomy abyss through which they had passed the night; the sun shone, and the earth still existed! There lay fields, rivers, mountains, cities; and there lay their fellow-men, who were, perhaps, at that very moment, following their course through the clouds with anxious eyes.

The balloon still continued to descend, and at last they were able to distinguish the fields, houses, and even persons. All at once Ritter uttered a cry of joy; he recognized Soerach, and further on lay his own village! Florence clasped her hands with a deep sigh; she saw the roof of her dwelling, the oak-wood where she had so often sat and worked, and the little mountain rivulet. Michael himself wept. At this moment, the balloon, which till then had continued to descend, again began to rise with a fresh breeze. The young girl and her brother uttered a cry of despair, and leaning over the car, extended their arms toward their home.

"My God! is there no means of descending?" cried Florence, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"There is one," answered Loffmann, "but it is dangerous."

"O, let us try it--any thing rather than this agony," said Ritter hurriedly; "remember last night!"

"Yes," said the young man, it is our only chance; now for it." He rose cautiously, raised his Alpine stick, which had lain by his side, and with the iron point pierced the silk of the balloon. The latter emitted a sound like a deep sigh, and waved to and fro like a wounded animal.

That moment of suspense seemed an hour. Then the gas rushed forth with impetuosity, and the silk of the balloon shrunk with frightful rapidity. The travellers closed their eyes, overcame with terror. Before long, a sharp explosion was heard, follow-

ed by a violent shock, which made them open their eyes, and they discovered that the netting had become entangled in the branches of a willow, and the car hung within a few feet of the ground.

Toward the end of the same day, Loffmann and Ritter were sitting in the window of a house on the hill-side. It was Michael's dwelling, to which he had conducted his companion after their common deliverance. The brother and sister at first could find room in their hearts only for grateful joy at their wonderful preservation, but presently in Ritter awoke the remembrance of the coming danger to his interests.

Resting his elbows on the wooden balustrade which served as a balcony, he had remained for a long time silent, when Christian whose eyes had been wandering over the landscape, suddenly exclaimed: "How far does your property extend, Herr Ritter?"

The latter shuddered as he saw on what his guest's thoughts were bent. "Ah, you wish to see what will be yours if your suit be successful," said he bitterly.

"Upon my honor, I was not thinking of that," said Loffmann, disconcerted.

"You need not blush to own it," said Ritter, "every one believes in the justice of his own cause. I will show you the boundaries of the estate;" and he pointed out, one after the other, the woods, fields and meadows which composed the property.

"It seems in excellent order," observed Christian.

"Yes, I have devoted all my time and energy to it," replied the farmer. "I had planned many other improvements, but who knows how many days I have to remain here? the land, perhaps, has already ceased to be mine."

As the words left his mouth, Florence entered--she seemed troubled and held in her hand a letter bearing the Mannheim postmark.

"Is it from Herr Lottorf?" said Michael, turning pale.

"It is," she replied.

"Then judgment is pronounced, and we shall know our fate." He held out a trembling hand for the letter, but Florence seized it between her own, and glancing timidly at Loffmann, said: "Ah, but remember, whatever happens, you have sworn friendship for each other!"

"The letter! give me the letter!" interrupted the agitated Michael.

Florence stepped back a pace. "First promise that you will submit to the decision, whatever it may be," said she with energy, and pointing at the same time to the foot of the hill, and the willow on which still hung the remains of the balloon, she added: "Have you already forgotten the night passed in the clouds?"

Ritter and Loffmann looked at each other, and after an instant's hesitation, held out their hands. "No!" exclaimed Michael, "it shall not be said that danger alone inclines our hearts to mercy."

Saved as we have been by the goodness of God, let us prove by our submission, that we are grateful. Christian Loffmann, we throw away our enmity above, do not let it return on earth. Whatever that letter may contain, I declare that I will submit to the decision without anger."

"And I will bless it for giving me such a friend even though it ruin all my hopes," added Christian.

Florence gave the letter to Michael, who took it with a firm hand, ran it over and turned slightly pale.

Florence rushed forward.

"You are master here, Herr Loffmann!" said the farmer, turning to the young man.

"Then the cause is decided in my favor!" he exclaimed, in a tone of joy.

"Yes, here is the sentence," (Christian took the letter which Michael held out) "Henceforth this property is yours!"

"The estate is not equal to the happiness of possessing a friend," interrupted Loffmann, tearing the paper. Ritter stared at him in astonishment, and Florence clasped her hands.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I came here as a guest, and I do not choose to remain as an enemy. He who has so nobly received and hospitably entertained me, shall himself appoint one who will decide upon the justice of our several claims."

"I!" said Ritter with emotion. "Ah, whom could I appoint?"

"She who created our friendship, can, if she chooses, still more firmly unite us, and render the division of the property an easy matter."

"How?" inquired Michael.

"By making the two friends brothers!" Ritter turned to Florence with a questioning though smiling glance, and the blushing girl timidly extending her hand to Loffmann, hid her face upon her brother's shoulder.

It is stated but with what truth we do not pretend to say, that all the ladies who sweep the streets with their long dresses, have big feet and thick ankles.

What is more sole harrowing than pangs in one's boots?

## A Touching Incident.

I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a fair rite one, and the theatre a small provincial one, was densely crowded. The curtain drew up and amidst a burst of applause, the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly said twenty words, when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity on the part of the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none, he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over, without appearing to notice them; and altogether he appeared quite unfitted for his part. His smile was ghastly, his laugh hollow and unnatural, and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech and let his eyes wander vacantly over the audience. Even when, in his character of a silent husband he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife, and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet from which he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passion, that hisses were audible in various parts of the house. The audience was fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potatoes he had indulged in that evening. A storm of sibilant and abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange peel and apples flew on the stage. He stopped and looked around upon the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery depicted in the human countenance. His face was worn and languid, and large tears rolled down his pale face. I saw his lip quiver with inward agony. I saw his bosom heave with convulsions of suppressed emotion, and his whole mien betokened such depth of anguish and distress, that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity. The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into a solemn silence, while he stood near the footlights the picture of dejection.

When all was calm he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs that seemed to rend his bosom, proceeded at once to offer his little explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he "though in my acting to-night, I am conscious of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong--I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfil my part so badly--my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfil my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her, and if misery and anguish can atone for a fault, I bear my apology--here."

He placed his hand upon his heart, and stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief. The audience was thoroughly affected and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings. There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don the gay attire, and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering upon the painted cheek and the stage smile.

And in the great theatre of life, how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies some mystery of sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places, and in solitude reveals upon their hearts like ghouls among the tombs!

**BABY PRIZES.**--In addition to the silver pitchers and cups offered in Georgia and elsewhere, the Boston Times proposes the following prizes:

To the baby of three months old that speaks "Good" the most plain--a looking glass and hammer.

To the baby that says "guggle" the most plain--papa's watch, with mortar and pestle to match.

To the baby of one year who has never drummed all night on the small of his father's back--a set of crockery with poker.

To the baby of one year who has never caused its father to walk three hours of a cold night--a pair of glass vases.

To the baby that never cries, a free pass for six months to the toy shops in the city.

The woman who undertook to scold the woods she abandoned the job owing to the high prices of soap suds.

## From the North American of Monday.

### Daring Burglary and Desperate Fight.

About two o'clock on Saturday morning, Mr. Wright, residing 173 South 9th-st., below Lombard, was awoke by the ringing of an alarm bell, which he had placed over the head of his bed, connecting with the back door, so as to arouse him in the event of an attempt to enter his house by that way. He immediately dressed himself and went down into his dining room. Before going down he armed himself with a six-barrelled revolver, and a sort of javelin formed of gas pipe, pointed at the end, and secured to his wrist by a thong. The burglars had effected their entrance into the kitchen, and Mr. W. could distinctly hear them talking together and boring with an auger into the door leading from the kitchen into the dining room. The door was kept bolted, and profiting by past experience, the precaution of having it lined on the inside with sheet iron had been adopted. The villains found the bit struck against the iron lining, and that it was impossible to cut through it, and they were compelled to resort to other measures.

The partition in which the doorway is located is composed of lath and plaster. The burglars cut a hole through this, and one of them putting his hand through the aperture thus made, unbolted the door. Four rough-looking villains then entered the dining room. Mr. W. posted himself behind an orange tree in the hall, and observed their movements. The villains then lit the gas, and commenced deliberately to ransack the room, helping themselves to brandy and such other refreshments as they could find.

After a time two of them went up stairs leaving the other two in the dining room. Mr. W. knowing that the chambers of the family were kept lock, and that no person was in his own room, (his wife being absent), suffered the two villains to ascend the stairs. Soon one of the two who remained down stairs, and who appeared to be the leader of the gang, gave to his fellow a boulder of stone, weighing about two pounds, and told him with a strong Scotch accent, to take it up stairs and "give it to the maister," admonishing him at the same time with an oath, "to give it to him right."

Thinking this a favorable moment for an attack, Mr. W. rushed into the dining room, and made at one of the villains with his javelin. The fellow attempted to defend himself with a formidable-looking butcher-knife with a sharp blade about ten inches in length. The handle of this weapon Mr. W. struck as it was thrust at him, and the broken portion can now be plainly seen. Mr. W. immediately caught the fellow and threw him headlong on the floor. The second burglar rushed to the aid of his comrade, and was greeted with a shot from the revolver, but it is uncertain whether or not the load took effect.

The noise of the scuffle, and the shouts of Mr. W. alarmed the two burglars who were up stairs ransacking the house, and they immediately rushed down to the assistance of their companions. The fight now became frightful, and Mr. Wright was compelled to defend himself against the four burglars, who cut at him with their knives, and strove to kill him. Five shots were fired from the revolver--the sixth missing fire--and the javelin was not kept idle. Meantime, a lad, a son of Mr. W., hearing the noise, shouted murder lustily, and the fellows made the best of their way off, but not without having sustained some severe wounds. The force and effect of these are shown by the cap of one of the burglars, and the hat of one of the others, which were left behind. The cap is cut almost in two, and the lining is saturated with blood while a hole is made in the side of the hat, and a circle of blood surrounds it; while on the inside, blood and a patch of hair, of a red color, are plainly visible. The cap and hat are at the Mayor's office--the former being nearly new, and the latter a white or light grey Kossuth.

Mr. W. states that he fired a shot at one of the ruffians while struggling with him, and that he held the pistol close to the back of the neck of the latter when he fired, and that the collar of the coat was thus set on fire. The partially burnt collar was found in the room after the battle. A cone-crowned drab wool hat was also found, with the rim at the rear scorched. The crown of this hat bears a heavy mark; the side is cut through evidently by a heavy blow of the javelin. The lining is stained with blood, and a clot of gore on the inside has a lock of long red hair matted in it. From the manner in which the hair is cut, and the marks inside, a very serious wound must have been inflicted on the robber.

During the struggle with the fellow whose clothes were set on fire, the latter exclaimed, "Don't it, we will both be burned up! don't you see I'm on fire!" Mr. W. was somewhat singed about the hair, and was almost sufficed with smoke. The carpet was also scorched.

Mr. Wright evidently conceived the notion of capturing the burglars, but found them, finally too formidable for him. The